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THE CAMPAIGN SONGSTER.

THE UNION.

DEDICATED TO EX-GOV. HUNT,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNION CONVENTION. BALT.,

BY WM. H. HAYWARD.

Air—"Wait for the Wagon."

Here's to this glorious Union,
So dear to you and me,
Bound by the Constitution,
In the bands of harmony.
Home of the Patriot Washington!
Our nation's boast and pride;
His life was for our Union,
Which we will not divide.
Stand by the Union,
Stand by the Union,
Stand by the Union,
Whatever may betide.

Our fathers fought for freedom,
And shed their blood and died;
They left for this heritage,
A country vast and wide.
They bound us in this Union,
And bade us guard it well,
That we should be united,
And never dare rebel.
Stand by the Union.

General Jackson was a hero,
From truth he never swerved,
He swore this Federal Union,
Must ever be preserved.
He fought for our liberties,
His name we here will cheer,
He made the hosts of Packenham
From New Orleand to clear.
Stand by the Union.

And he who conquered Mexico,
On Cerro Gordo's plain,
Brave Winfield Scott, who beat the foe,
And bled at Lundy's Lane,
And Rough and Ready, bold and true,
Whose deeds we love to tell,
The Union was their platform
No matter what befel.
Stand by the Union.

A Webster and a Henry Clay
Were Union men and true,
They lived for these United States,
And died as patriots do—
Firm on the Constitution,
United they did stand,
America forever,
God and our native land.
Stand by the Union.

Brave Lawrence, in the navy
Said "don't give up the ship,"
So long as we're united,
We all the world can whip.
We will stand by our colors,
Our own red, white and blue—
With our ship, the Constitution,
Manned by a union crew.
Stand by the Union.

John Bell, of Tennessee,
With Everett, as his mate,
Will steer our ship in safety,
Protecting every State.
They will rally to the standard,
The brave, the good and true,
And save this glorious Union,
And bless our nation, too.
Stand by the Union.

Our women will support us
As they did in days of yore;
They love us and our country,
We will their charms adore.
Three cheers for lovely women!
They aid us all they can,
Their hearts are for the Union—
For Union to a man
Stand by the Union.

We won't dissolve the Union,
While the stars and striprs shall wave,
They float in triumph o'er us,
The ensign of the brave.
They tell us of the battles
By our forefathers won—
Our eagle soaring upwards,
With the name of Washington.
Stand by the Union.

Then wave again the stars and stripes,
Columbia's flag on high,
The Union we will fight for,
And by her stand or die.
We will gaze upon the eagle
As she mounts towards the sun—
In her beak the words—the Union,
Endorsed by Washington.
Stand by the Union.

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.—A child's eyes—those clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest! in joy, how sparkling! in sympathy, how tender! The man who has never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it, or knowing its value.

☞ One of the dullest men we ever saw was named sharp, one of the slowest was named Swift, one of the stupidest was named Smart, one of the tallest was named Low—and the ex-Governor of Virginia is named Wise—*Lou. Journal.*

Party Platforms.

WHAT ARE THEY WORTH?

One of the objections made by the "Democratic and Republican" newspapers and orators, to the "Constitutional Union party," is, that it has no "platform." Well, now, what are platforms, in the political sense of the term? It is well known that they are only demagogues to delude their followers.—There is not a single instance in which they were thoroughly agreed upon by the individual members of the parties respectfully framing and adopting them, while they have always been so ambiguously worded as to make them liable, with equal facility, to two opposite constructions, at least. We never knew of one that was ever faithfully carried out in practice. A set of scurvy politicians get together in a Convention, and undertake to enunciate sundry articles of political faith, to which they presume to pledge and bind all those who may be of their party.—Yet every body is aware that the creed, so declared, is not the real bond and basis of any organized co-operation of the people of this county in their local and national elections. Very different and various causes unite men, on the one hand and on the other, in their choice of those whom they appoint to fill public office and administer the government. Our population, spread over so vast an extent of territory, and distinguished by such a diversity of interests, pursuits and institutions, cannot possibly be divided, sharply, by any articulate expression of political faith which human wit can invent, except the simple one of loyalty to the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws. When any attempt is made to go beyond these broad and catholic canons of patriotism and policy, there is an end to any thorough and positive community of principle among those who constitute our great parties, and other motives than those of distinctive political belief bring and hold men together. The lust of power and public station, on the part of the leaders of factions, and the desire of subordinrte offices and other like rewards, on that of the countless host of the rank and file, is a principal influence in determining our people in their choice of the flag under which they will enlist in the warfare of parties. Ignorant prejudice, provoked and misled by a mere party name, controls thousands of others, who care nothing and know less about the measures and principles of the government. Many other causes, of the same kind, operate in turning men this way or that, in politics. But the most important and portentous influence that has, of late years, prevailed in this matter, is, undoubtedly, the spirit of sectionalism. And this feeling has, just as certainly, been aroused by those self-seeking demagogues who have so drafted the resolutions of party conventions, as to divide the people of the country upon a geographical line. This is the fatal use to which party "platforms," as they are called, have been converted, and therefore it is that the best men, the purest patriots, and the wisest statesmen of the land, have thought it high time the people should be recalled and brought back to the simple creed of the Constitution. Were party 'platforms' known in the early and better days of the Republic? Was it deemed necessary to define the principles of policy on which Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison should be chosen to the Presidency? However much they differed—and they did differ widely in their views of government—they all concurred in respect for the laws, and in a strong, earnest generous sentiment of nationality and loyality to the Union. In these great, primary conditions of fitness for the high charge to which they were promoted, the whole people of the Confederacy could trust them implicitly, however much they disagreed as to the details of practical administration. But things are sadly reversed now. Excepting one party, which is decried and derided as having no real popular strength, we find all the others unwilling to trust any candidate for the first office in the government, on his patriotism alone. And the reason of this is plain. Neither of these parties is so entirely and purely national in principle, as to be willing to abide by the Constitution, as expounded by the interpreters of its own appointment. They are for the Constitution, as they respectively understand and construe it; and for the Union, if they can have the instrument on which it rests conformed to their peculiar views of it. Otherwise they are against both. Hence, they must declare, in conventions, what they severally hold the Constitution to mean, and having done that, they select, as candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, men who will stand on their platform, and fight it through at the peril of destroying all that is dear to our national peace and unity. Now, we ask, is not this the pass to which parties, as distinguished by 'platforms,' have brought the country, and should not the people, in view of the terrible dangers they threaten, refuse longer to be led astray by demagogues, and renew their allegiance to the plain and safe fountains of our political strength security and happiness? Are not Bell and Everett pure and tried enough in their patriotism to be trusted by all men in all sections of our country without pledges of any kind; and are they not sound, enlightened, and national enough, as statesmen, to be charged with the administration of the general government without being required to commit themselves, in advance, to any specific articles of political faith, or any summary of party measures? The first and paramount aim in our politics now, is, at all events to save the Union from the mad strife and fury of sectional factions. Until that end is achieved, there can be no time to discuss the Tariff, or the Pacific Railroad, or the Homestead Bill, or any other question of practical policy. Unless the political and commercial relations of the States are preserved, there will be no use in revenue laws, or internal improvements, or anything else that concerns our common prosperity as a people. When we have once effectually quelled the agitation of the Slavery question, by overthrowing the two parties which are now really divided on that subject alone, we may afford to consider the question of protection to our industry, that of uniting our Atlantic and Pacific States by railways and telegraphs, and the like. But not until then. The election of Bell and Everett, by the free votes of a people resolved to emancipate themselves and their interests from the crushing curse of sectional parties, and the absorbing controversy about the eternal and almighty negro, would restore the country to harmony and tranquility, and inaugurate a new epoch of progress, prosperity, and general good feeling in the history of the Republic.

CONFOUND IT.

Bob Graham of T———, is one of the heartiest, bravest, good natured fellows to be found on this side of Jordan and is not to be frightened before being hurt, by any means. But when Bob was a boy, he was one of the most sensitive, timid, shame faced little shavers it was ever my bad luck to make cry. Bob and I were schoolmates in 1835, and we jogged along over the crooked paths of knowledge at an even gait; but then he was such a trembling creature that it used to make my juvinile heart ache to see him stammering and blushing to the top of his head when any one spoke sternly to him Bob's pretty little sister, Consance, (she's a woman now bless her!) went to the same school, and "Con," as we used to call her, was the pet of everybody. It was "Con" here and "Con" there, wherever she went. Bob and his sister were the special favorites of the teacher, yet he scrupiously avoided showing anything like partiality, and sometimes spoke so magisterially to poor Bob that the modest fellow's hair used to stand up fairly.

But I must tell you a story about Bob. He set next to "Con" in the schoolroom one day, when she touched some hard substance with her feet, and stooping, picked up an old fashioned silver pencil.

"Let me see that Con," whispered Bob, and added almost immediately, "why it's Mr. Brown's."

Now Mr. Brown was our teacher, and he chanced to glance toward Bob, just as Bob received the pencil. Having lost said pencil very mysteriously he concluded that Bob had taken the liberty to "crib" it from his desk, and harshly then he said: "Robert Graham, come up here."

Unhappily, Bob could not have felt worse had he been detected in the very act of robbing a hen roost, and his face fairly glowed, as he walked up to the throne of the pedagogue.

"Robert" said Mr. Brown, with awful solomnity, "give me that pencil."

Bob laid it on the outstrenched palm in a very sneaking manner, stammering as he did so:

"T-there it is sir—*Confound it!*"

Old Brown fairly staggered into his chair, while his eyes assumed a size decidedly extensive.

"What!" he exclaimed, catching his breath.

Bob's lips began to quiver, but he managed to say.

"That's y-y-your pencil, sir —*Confound it.*"

This was too much for the pedagogue. He raised the lid of his desk rested it on his bald pate, and fumbled around among confisticated tops, marbles and firecrackers, until he found his artan.

"I'll teach you to *swear*, my boy," he said savagely; "lie over my knee, sir." Poor Bob broke down in earnest then, and blundered:

"I—I—I—I didn't sir—please-sir."

"Don't tell me a lie," thundered the master, holding back for a moment.—"What did you say about that pencil?"

"I—I—I only said *Con found the pencil!*" groaned the wretched Bob.

In an instance, old Brown had him by the collar and was pulling him over the stool of repentadee. It was a critical moment; the merciless ratan was already fluttering in the air, like an extremely thin bird of prey, picking out a good fat chicken before it swooned, when little Constance sprang from her seat, crying:

"Please, Mr. Brown, don't whip Bob, *I found the pencil* on the floor."

The light of truth flashed upon old Brown's mind in an instance, the ratan dropped to the floor, closely followed by Bob.

"You see I didn't lie—*Con found it!*" sobbed the poor boy, picking himself up.

"Go to your seat: I'll see about it after school," said the discomfitted master—But he didn't and that was the last of it.

OUR SICK PUMP.

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife on the morning of washing day, "Bridget complains that something is the matter with the soft water pump."

"Well, my dear," I replied—I am very careful to put in all the little tender expletives on washing days, having found them serve admirably as mollifiers at such times—"I will see about it."

I had not quite finished reading my morning paper, and sat a moment to conclude the account of the last fearful casualty, when Bridget's face was thrust into the door, as red and bright as an old fashioned brass warming pan.

"Indade, mem," said she, "the pump's gone agin."

"I wish you were dead, see to my lips, but I didn't speak it.

"Well," replied my wife, "I've done all I can about it, unless I am expected to draw the box and fix it. I expect every day that I shall have to do such work.—A woman's life is hard enough at the best, but a little additional service would not hurt her I dare say. Perhaps in the intervals of household duties she might take in jobs of pump-mending."

I said nothing.

Mr. Blifkins, said my wife will you see to the pump?

This was said in a tone that completely overcame the horror awakened by the casuality, and throwing the paper aside I proceeded to the kitchen. I tried the handle of the pump, and sure enough, the water refused to flow. A few drops only oozed from the nose, and as I plied the handle the pump gave forth a rumbling sound as though it was surly in its refusal to yield the accustomed supply.

'This is a pretty state of things for washing day,' said my wife.

'Well, my dear,' said I, 'I don't see how you can blame me for it; 'thou can'st not say I did it.'

I immediately essayed to take out the box The screws that secured the top were rusty and refused to turn.

'Mrs. Blifkins,' said I, 'where is the hammer?'

'How should I know where the hammer is?' she replied, 'it is probably where you used it last; you leave every thing for me to take care of. My father used to say a place for everything and everything in its place. I wish *all* men were as particular'

I remembred that I had used the hammer to repair a chicken coop some weeks before, and proceeding to the spot, I found it rusty and dirty, lying just where I had left it. A system like this, closely followed, would prove of immense advantage, for memory of where an article was used would immediately suggest the spot where it was to be found. Returning to the kitchen I commenced work. The rusty threads of the screws refused persistently to yield, but patience wins, and after a half hour's sweating and fretting I had the top removed and the pump box in my hand. There was evident signs of decay in the leather, and bringing my natural ingenuity to bear upon it, I hammered, and tacked, and cut, and pulled, until I fancied that I had attained perfection in my effort.

'Mrs. Blifkins,' says I, in my momentary satisfaction, 'can you tell me the difference betwix a man who mends pumps and a prune?

Of course she couldn't and I told her that one was a plum and the other was a plumper, whereat she was pleased to smile, though, I thought, rather derisively.

'Now we shall see,' says I, putting in the box, 'the triumph of genius. Pour in some water Bridget, and as I pump shall you see the water flow.'

I manned the brakes, but in vain my effort. No effect was produced but the most painful sound—a sort of asthmatic wheezing, like that of a porcupine quadruped just expiring under the action of a surgical operation upon his neck. My triumph changed, and my chipper notes parcook of a more temptuous character as I muttered an expression that nothing but the immediate circumstances could justify.

'That's right,' said my wife, 'I would talk in that way. It will help the matter, I dare say very much. Men have got no patience. If they had to bear as much as women do, I don't know what would become of them.'

'I will bring mechanics,' said I, a little subdued, 'and they shall bring the pump. I immediately sought Lumb.

'Send workman,' said I, 'oh, man of lead pipe and solder, and mend that without which washing day becomes a Sabbath without a sermon—for what were washing-day without water!'

Two men accompanied me to my home—philanthropists, with disposition and ability to relieve the difficulty under which I labored.

'Now my boys,' said I, as I introduced them to the field of their operations, 'put her though.'

The term 'her' struck Mrs. Blifkins as irrelevant and somewhat personal, as I judged from her looks. No barometer could be more exact than was her countenance to my experienced vision.

'Look here, sir,' said one of the men, trying the handle, 'there ain't nothing the matter with the pump.'

'Then what is the matter with the infernal thing?' I asked excitedly.

'The principal reason is, I think, sir that the water has gin out.'

I looked at the man wonderingly, but his honest eye convinced me that he was sincere, and after examination proved the truth of what he said.

'My friend,' said I, 'here is a trifle for you, and I will settle with Lumb. Don't say anything about it.'

I never knew how the matter came out, but always thought Mrs. Blifkins must have told about it.

GOD OVER ALL.

Eccentric, perverse, and contradictory as the human element [illegible] in creation may be, universally as times, seasons, and circumstances may seem to the individual man, and, above all, indifferent as His providence may appear, to the prayers of our petty selfishness and the schemes of our narrow purposes, surely an almighty and beneficent God is over all. Aggregate the creation, and His order is perfect—His goodness adorably divine. Of all things so jarring to our distempered short sight, not one but is best adopted, as related to the whole, and the whole is sympathetic and participant with every minutest part, or, in the language of a philosophic poet:

"All are but part of one stupendous whole."

Stupendous in scope and proportion, magnificent in usefulness and beauty, and a thousand-fold more harmonious, and musical in His praise, than the rarest instrument of moral make. God over all!—how eloquently the universe proclaims it—day unto day uttereth speech thereof, and night unto night addeth knowledge. It gleams through the gates of morning, and flashes backward on the latest sunbeam, the earth breathes of it, and it is the mighty voice of many waters. Out in the fields, and over the wooded hill-tops, it comes in tides of incense and music, not a bird but repeats it from the robin at the cabin door, to the lark 'soaring and singing in the heavens,' not a blossom but exhales it, from the blue-eyed violet lost in "the folds of the dewy grass," to "The milk-white thorn that scents the evening."

God over all!—His love, beaming from every star and from every flower, His bounty, pouring from unnumbered sources, more than hand of man can compass, or heart of man desire, His justice, scorning casts and creeds, rebuking the pretensions of the proud and the fears of the humble, and measuring to each the same measure of blessing—who, against all this, will stand forth and say God is not over all? The human wrong may seem to succeed, the human oppression may seem to flourish, the human caprice may momently rule and triumph, but all these, so great in our eyes and so momentous on our records, are only here and there, fleeting and perishable—things born of to-day and forgotten to-morrow—while the power, the love, the bounty, and the justice of God remain immutable, forever.

God over all!—princes may fancy they rule, and nations may upbuild themselves and dream of permanence of place and power, man put on his haughtiest look and inscribe his vain pomp on pyramid and pillar, and say, what much of his trophy has rammingly said—"I am," but "the fine that sitteth in the heavens shall hold him in derision"—in a little time the sceptres of kings are broken, the nations are dead, the pyramids and the pomps written thereon are perished, and man—the universal race of man—has 'gone to his long home,' leaving, as in the beginning and forever, God over all. Let us think of this, as a curb to our vanity and pride—as a spur to our reverence, our gratitude, and our faith—as an extinguisher of the wretched skepticisms, or more miserable egotisms, which lead men to invest the divine order of things, to deify himself, and to fancy himself indifferent to, or independent of, God! Every day, hour, and moment of our lives ought to be illumined by a deeper sense of that grandest of all truths that God is over all—and that "marked out the way of life, and decreed that He will 'judge every man according to his works.'"

Jokers Companion.

DISOLVING THE UNION.

One of the late numbers of Knickerbocker Magazine has the following, which is not bad, either as a story or a speech:

During the exciting campaign of 185–, in Illinois, a prominent politician made a dis-union speech at Quincy. After he was through, and before the crowd had dispersed, a man who styled himself "the Afore-said M. D." was called for. He was lifted upon the platform, so "elevated" that he could not stand without holding on to something. He said:

'Gentlemen and ladies, you're talkin' of dissolvin' the Union. You can't do it!—Thar's that flag a-wavin' up thar, called the Star Spangled Banner; how ye a-goin' to divide that, ha! Are ye agoin' to give the stars to the Norf and the stripes to the Souf? No sir ree: the thing can't be did. [Cheers.]

'And thar's that good old tune that the band's a-playin' out thar, called Yankee Doodle, how ye a-goin' to dibide that, eh? Are ye agoing to give the Yankee to the Norf, and the Doodle to the Souf? I say boldly, the thing can't be did! [Cheers.]

'And thar's that stream of water a-runnin' down that called the Father-o'-Waters, how are ye a-goin' to divide that? Are ye a-goin' to dam it up with Mason & Dixon's line? I say you can't do that thing!—Why, you can't! [Cheers.]

'And thar's the railroad lying out thar, how ye a-goin' to divide that, eh? are you goin' to tie it up with Mason & Dixon's line? You can't do it? [Cheers.]

'And thar's all the fast hosses standin' round here, how are ye a-goin' to divide them? Are you goin' to divide them? Are you goin' to give the old ones to the North and the young ones to the South? [illegible] you don't. If you can't do it? [illegible]

'And thar's all the other birds a flyin' chickens and eggs legs and the black divide them, eh? the pullets to the [illegible] the Souf?' [Tremendous laughter.]

Our reporter could no more, for the roar of laughter that ensued, and 'Doctor' caved in and fell from the platform.

A clergyman praying at a camp-meeting in the most fervent manner for the power of the devil to be curtailed, a zealous old negro man loudly exclaimed, "Amen! yes, bless God, cut he tail smack smoove off!"

"Mr Dentist, do you see that decayed tooth?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I want you to pull it, provided it don't hurt too much." "Yes, sir." "Well, now put on the tweezers; if it hurts bad, I'll sing out, and you'll hold on, won't you?" "Yes, sir." [Dentist takes hold with his instrument.] Howdid on! Thunder and lightning! you've not only pooled the tooth, but half of my jaw-bone. Why didn't you let go when I sung out?' 'Because you told me hold on!'

Loving Wife—Mr. Smith, I hear that you are a going to sell sorrel.—Let me inform you that she was bought with my money, and I shall not have her sold! Devoted Husband—So was I bought with your money, Madam, or you'd never got me, and the mare being part of the consideration, I shall sell her when I please.

A philosopher asserts that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than gentlemen's is because of the frivolity of the tongue and the sweetness of the *lips*.

A worthy old farmer, who most thoroughly detested taxes and tax gatherers, was once called on by a collector a second time for taxes he had once paid, but lost the receipt; as he told the story to a friend he added:

'Would you believe it sir, the fellow began to abuse me?'

Well said the friend, what did you say him?

Why I remonstrated with him.

And to what effect?

Well, I don't know to what effect, somehow or other the poker was better he had left.

☞ A student went into a book store, and inquired of the proprietor if he had any pocket testaments in Greek. "Greek?" echoed our good friend, tingly; "I believe not sir, but I have of elegant ones in morocco."

☞ The best actions with pence, and the worst [illegible] ed.

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